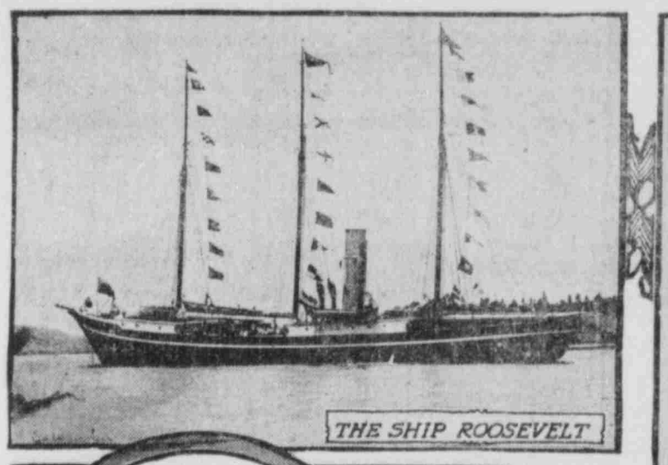
Great British-American Marathon Race to South Pole


THE SHIP ROOSEVELT


CAPT. R. F. SCOTT


CAPT. R. A. BARTLETT
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MOTOR SLEDGE IN ANTARCTIC TRAVEL


SIR E. H. SHACKLETON


DR. JEAN CHARCOT

By ARTHUR J. BRINTON.

ALL ready for the great Marathon race to the south pole! Men, dogs, Siberian ponies, motor sledges, all get aboardship! Weigh anchor and away! The race is to the swift. Whether England or America shall lift the long coveted antarctic cup seems about to be decided. It's the only polar cup or polar cap left to be lifted, and it appears now that either the stars and stripes or the union jack is going to be nailed to the south pole within a year or two.

Two expeditions—one British, one American—are making up for the Marathon. Captain Robert F. Scott is to command the British entry, while Captain Robert A. Bartlett may lead the American chase. Incidentally, perhaps, Sir Ernest H. Shackleton, who went within ninety-nine geographical miles of the south pole on his latest effort in exploration, will make a second British entry, and perhaps Dr. Jean Charcot, the French explorer, but recently back from an antarctic attempt, may enter the lists and make the Marathon a quadrangular race.

Biggest Sporting Event.

This is the biggest sporting event ever. The sixty year struggle for the America's cup between British and American yachts is something of a star performance itself, but in comparison with the forthcoming race for the southern goal of centuries it sinks into innocuous desuetude. The south pole international race is not exactly the result of a challenge, but figuratively it is so.

The proposition as worked out thus far is that Captain Scott in the Terra Nova, the largest and strongest of the old Scottish whalers, and Captain Bartlett in the Roosevelt shall start for south polar regions about the same time, probably next September. Scott is to approach the pole from the east, Bartlett from the west. Scott will have the advantage of a known route for most of the way, with the experience of Lieutenant (now Sir Ernest) Shackleton to guide him, coupled with his own experience in those regions. Captain Scott commanded the expedition of 1901-3 in the ship Discovery, which made new antarctic records.

Captain Bartlett will have the advantage of Commander Peary's advice, based of course upon north polar explorations, and of his own experience as an arctic navigator and near pole finder. He will have also some of the identical dogs which went to the north pole with Peary and the negro Matt Henson. He will have, it is stated on the authority of Peary, many of the members of the successful north pole expedition, who are eager to try antarctic exploration. But the American runner in the ice track Marathon must, in the main, figure out his own path, the western approach being much more of an unknown quantity than the eastern.

Commander Peary seems confident that one, or perhaps both, of these expeditions will reach the pole. He estimates that it may be a year and a half after the start before the flag is nailed and perhaps another year before the news can reach civilization. Thus the world will have a thrill of about two and a half years—the thrill of expectation, of betting on the result, of patient waiting and perhaps of preparing relief expeditions. It is certain to be a long drawn out race and a solemn and serious matter for all concerned. As Commander Peary reports, it is cold enough at the north pole to satisfy the most frigid tastes, but we have it upon the authority of Captain Scott, Sir Ernest Shackleton and other antarctic explorers that south polar regions are still colder. Scientists, in fact, say the arctic region is getting warmer and the antarctic region getting colder. Ugh!

Shackleton's discoveries show that the antarctic region includes a vast land continent. From a point approximately within a hundred miles of the pole he looked from a high plateau and saw only dreary stretches of ice clad, glaciered land to the ultimate southern limit of vision.

On the western side much of this frozen land is unmapped. It is expected that as a result of the American expedition a vast territory will be added to the United States by right of discovery. Just what use we can make of it is a matter of conjecture, but Shackleton has reported that on the eastern side he found coal deposits and some other minerals. It is not impossible, of course, that new gold fields may be discovered beneath these ancient ice fields. This possibility lends added excitement, not to say enchantment, to the race.

Captain Scott says he proposes to take with him on his final dash sixteen white men, at least four of whom will accompany him right to the pole—if he gets there. He will use, according to present plans, Siberian or Manchurian ponies instead of dogs. Commander Peary is emphatic in declaring that the American expedition, of which he is to be chief official adviser and guardian before the start, will use Eskimo dogs instead of ponies.

Motor Sledges For Scott.

The traveling in antarctic regions presents features not found in north polar areas. Ice and snow hummocks abound in the north. Icy and snowy mountains and glittering glaciers abound in the south. Much of the traveling is along the comparatively smooth roadways on the backs of the big glaciers. The British expedition contemplates the use of the motor sledges, built under personal direction of Captain Scott. Ponies are to be taken along to pull the sledges over places where locomotive power is inadequate.

Not only the men, but also the ships, are veterans in polar service. The Terra Nova has seen both arctic and antarctic service, after proving herself one of the most reliable and efficient ships in the Greenland whaling trade. The Roosevelt—well, everybody knows what the Roosevelt has done.

Some months ago, when many persons believed in the late (speaking metaphorically only) Dr. Cook, Peary was charged with not being a "true sport" because of his indignant utterances anent the Brooklyn doctor's claims. The commander is conceded to be a pretty good sport now, and if you still doubt it just peruse what he said the other day when discussing the forthcoming competition for south pole honors:

"What a race! Just think of it! The English on one side, the Americans on the other, and both working with all their might for the same goal and to get there first. Why, it might be so close that one party might get there only twenty-four hours, or even less than that, before the other.

"Think of the two parties, the Americans coming from the western hemisphere, the English from the eastern hemisphere, and having started almost the same day a year and a half before from widely separated quarters of the globe and meeting at the south pole, where the foot of man has not trod before."

An Epic For Future Homers.

Yes, just think of it! Why, it may be that these two friendly but determined contesting parties may meet somewhere short of the pole, one getting out of direction to avoid bad going, and the final triumph may depend upon the condition of the men as to health, endurance or supplies. Suppose they should meet five miles from the pole, one party utterly out of pemmican or other food and the other well supplied. In that event perhaps the supplied party would succor the unsupplied or trade them biscuits for tobacco, just as our Union and Confederate pickets used to swap hardtack and tobacco.

Then the party which saved the lives of the other party, according to the sporting code approved by all nations, would push on to the pole. This party, having got there first and nailed its flag, then would greet the other party—Great Britain and the United States shaking friendly hands right smack across the south pole.

Should anything like this really happen some future Homer will make an epic out of the story.

SOME SURPRISING SOUTH POLE FACTS.

The south pole is located on land in the midst of a vast continent, while the north pole is in a frozen sea.

The south pole is on a plateau estimated at 10,000 feet in altitude, the north pole at sea level.

There are no polar bears in the south pole zone.

So far as is known, there are no human inhabitants in the south pole area.

Penguins weighing as much as a hundred pounds abound in large flocks in antarctic regions.

Very high mountains, some of them having an altitude of 15,000 feet, have been discovered in antarctic areas.

One glacier near the south pole is said to be as large as France.

Mount Erebus, an active volcano, is situated near the south pole.

Quantrill Historically Classified.

Finally, forty-five years after his death, William Clarke Quantrill, the Kansas guerrilla, has been put into his unique pigeonhole in the archives of American history, so that all future citizens who run may read. William Elsey Connelley of Topeka, Kan., author or of several valuable works relating to the history of the middle west, has published through the Torch Press at Cedar Rapids, Ia., a book of 500 pages, "Quantrill and the Border Wars," which is an exhaustive study of the antecedents and acts of Quantrill himself and is also a thorough presentation of the causes leading up to guerrilla warfare along the Kansas-Missouri border during the civil war. Mr. Connelley unhesitatingly calls Quantrill the bloodiest man of all the millions engaged in the war between the states. By documents, by interviews, by painstaking consultation of historical records, he makes out a case against Quantrill which seems to differentiate that blood lusting person from all other men who fought during the war and place him upon a pedestal of infamy such as no other man in American history occupies.

Quantrill was only twenty-eight years old when he was killed in Kentucky near the close of the war, but in the last three years of his life he made a record for bloody deeds unparalleled perhaps in the history of the world. He pretended to be a southerner, from Maryland, but Mr. Connelley proves that he was a renegade from Ohio who in Kansas before the war was on both sides of the slavery struggle which drenched the border in blood long before the fall of Fort Sumter. Quantrill, as this writer shows, was not on the southern side because of any sympathy for the cause of the south; he became a guerrilla in the Confederate service so that he might have opportunity to quench his thirst for blood and to avenge fancied wrongs, or rather to "get even" with enemies whom his own crimes before the war had created for him. He was a native northerner who gathered about him a band of rough riders and quick shooters and rode headlong through the border country, killing federal soldiers and sympathizers. With Quantrill, however, it was a personal war, not a patriotic war.

Mr. Connelley has given a detailed account of the Quantrill raid upon Lawrence, Kan., and the massacre of many of the male citizens of the town, which is a valuable contribution to authentic American history. His descriptions of the guerrillas, their dress, their arms and their methods of fighting and slaughtering are far more thrilling than the average novel of bloody adventure. Mr. Connelley expresses the belief that in all the history of the world no body of cavalry ever was more efficient as a fighting force than the band of 447 men under Quantrill which rode into Lawrence at daybreak on that August day of the little prairie city's doom. Few of the men carried carbines or muskets. Each man had at least two Colt's navy revolvers of 44 caliber; some had four, some six and some eight revolvers. With bridle reins in their teeth or over their saddle horns they dash through the streets, firing right and left with weapons in each hand and with deadly aim.

Crusade For Parcels Post.

John Brisben Walker, former magazine publisher, has announced that he intends to spend the next five years if necessary in advocating the establishment of a parcels post system in the United States whereby packages may be sent through the mails at a rate of about 1 cent a pound. Mr. Walker denies that such a system would enable the mail order houses to crush out the local merchants. He says the town merchants would be able to order goods for their customers through the mail order houses by catalogue and thus could increase their patronage.

May Abolish Texas Rangers.

The proposition to abolish the Texas rangers, those picturesque soldier police of the commonwealth, is meeting with much opposition. It is held by those who wish to do away with the Texas rangers that present conditions do not require their services, that they were created when there was need for them because of the newness and rawness of the state. Texas now is conceded to be one of the best governed states in the Union. The rangers have little to do except along the Rio Grande.

Joaquin Miller's Ultimate Appeal to Posterity

JOAQUIN MILLER, poet of the Sierras, singer of the sundown seas, the virile bard of western America, has just completed what may be his final revision of his poems. Five volumes have been issued, and the sixth and last is going through the presses of his San Francisco publishers. This definitive edition of Mr. Miller's metrical works contains such poems as his mature judgment approves for preservation. Their publication is an event in the literary world, for the fame of this writer has penetrated to the remotest places where the English tongue is spoken.

Mr. Miller's first volume is devoted mainly to a prose presentation of his theories regarding poetic purposes and contains a great deal of autobiographical data which serves to explain to some extent his uncommonly picturesque career. The poet, who is hale and hearty at sixty-eight and by no means an aged man, feels keenly the unkind and often vicious criticisms which have been launched forth against his individuality and his so called eccentricities. For forty years he has been a shining mark for the petty sting darts of undivining penny-a-liners, though latterly his high recognition as a natural born poet and his faithful adherence to his ideals have worked a distinct change in the attitude of the press. It would be puerile to dispute that Joaquin Miller is the most famous of living American poets and of living English writing poets, for that matter. Yet his limited acceptance in the eastern part of the United States is a standing reproach to those who ought to know actual poetry when they hear it singing itself into the warp and fiber of the language.

England accepted Joaquin Miller nearly forty years ago as the most original, natural and poetic singer in America. Even our American Ambrose Bierce, who sometimes writes with a stab sword dipped in vinegar and vitriol for ink, has declared that only Poe of all the American poetic choir has a lyric quality surpassing that of the Sierran bard. The Atheneum of London, chief British maker or marrer of literary reputations, has pronounced Joaquin Miller's "Columbus" the best American poem.

In the first volume of this new "Bear Edition" of his poems the author takes issue with the Atheneum, declaring that in his own opinion "The Passing of Tennyson" is a better poem and "The Missouri" better still. Mr. Miller says "Columbus," which begins with this heartening stanza, is "too much like a chorus:"

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For, lo, the very stars are gone!
Brave adm'ral, speak! What shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on, sail on and on!'"
"Columbus," if a chorus, is, at any rate, a most triumphant chorus. There is also a swinging, sweeping chorus chant in these lines from "The Missouri:"

Hoar sire of hot, sweet Cuban seas,
Gray father of the continent,
Fierce fashioner of destinies,
Of states thou hast upreared or rent.
Thou know'st no limit. Seas turn back,
Bent, broken from the shaggy shore.
But thou in thy resistless track
Art lord and master evermore.
Missouri, surge and sing and sweep!
Missouri, master of the deep,
From snow reared Rockies to the sea,
Sweep on, sweep on eternally!


JOAQUIN MILLER BESIDE AN OREGON FIR TREE.

Joaquin Miller's poems may be divided into two classes—the widely local and the broadly universal. In the first classification fall those songs in which he has celebrated the sublimity of his Oregonian and Californian peaks that "companion with the stars;" the Oregon pioneers and the California argonauts, the romantic early days on the Arizona and Idaho plains, the lisp and lull of the Pacific seas and, though less distinctively local, that thrilling and tender poem, "Walker In Nicaragua," which opened his "Songs of the Sierras," the book which literally made him famous in a day.

While these poems contain many lyrical passages which carry a universal appeal, it is Mr. Miller's briefer lyrics, such as those from which quotations are made here and "For Those Who Fail," "The Voice of the Dove," "Mother Egypt," "The Bravest Battle That Ever Was Fought" and others, which appeal most intimately to the universal heart of humanity for their lofty sentiment, their humane tenderness and their Christlike philosophy.

Above all things, Joaquin Miller is the poet of peace. Himself a soldier in several fierce western wars, bearing the scars of conflict on his person, he abhors war.

"The great poet of this great land of ours," he writes, "these west'most mountains and the ultimate sea bank, so like the olive set Syrian hills, will come when we, too, have learned to love and religiously love the sublime and beautiful. * * * And when your great poet comes, as he surely will and soon, do not mock because he goes apart from folly to meditate. Ever from the first the prophets went up into the mountains to pray. A poet need not be 'eccentric' to turn apart from getting and getting. In truth, he would be no real poet if he did not."

This perhaps is a gentle rebuke to those carping conventionalists who have laughed ignorantly at Joaquin Miller because all his life he has remained a pioneer, choosing to wear boots and sombrero and to live in solitary places, usually on some topmost height. Though the poet has traveled much, around the world several times, all his homes have been somewhere on "The Hights," as he calls his present eyrie above the village of Fruitvale, Cal. Even when sojourning for a time in cities he has chosen the room immediately under the roof, "with nothing above me," he once remarked in New York, "except God and the man who cleans off the snow."

ROBERTUS LOVE.

John L. Sullivan Telling England How He Became Boston's Chief Glory

WHAT was that we heard? Was it a dull thud that dropped somewhere? Did anybody see a ten ton meteorite hit the earth so hard that it dug its own grave? Oh, no; it was merely John L. Sullivan slapping his hands together to emphasize a strong point in his lecture.

Yes; John L., the only John L., the perennial John L., the all but immortal John L., the ubiquitous, conspicuous John L., has gone in for lecturing. I say "gone in" for it because that's the English way of expressing such a thing, and John L. is doing his lecture tour in England.

Not only is John L. on the lecture platform, but he is on the water wagon. Also he has but recently played a return engagement on the hymeneal altar. At the mature age of fifty-one, having received the decision on points in a Chicago divorce mill in December, 1903, his first wife being the defeated entry, Mr. Sullivan was refereed into a matrimonial victory by Justice of the Peace Frederick Ingalls of Boston, Feb. 7, the party of the other part being Miss Kate Harkins, said to have been the boyhood sweetheart of the man who has conferred upon her the luster of his illustrious name. The new Mrs. Sullivan is forty-five.

John L. Sullivan has been a world figure for nearly thirty years, ever since he won the world's pugilistic championship, which he held for an unbroken period of almost eleven years. He might be holding it yet, possibly, but for John Barleycorn and Jim Corbett, each of whom is held about equally responsible for the downfall of the champion at New Orleans on that memorable September night in 1892 when proud and superior Boston was humbled to the dust and went into mourning in sackcloth and ashes because its peerless pride, the hitherto invincible John L., was knocked out in the twenty-first round.

Mr. Sullivan never has attempted another championship fight, but he has wrestled with Thespis on many a stage, in the legitimate, in vaudeville, in monologue and otherwise.

As an actor Mr. Sullivan was mighty hard to handle. The two Johns, John L. and John B., frequently got together in impromptu engagements, and Mr. Barleycorn usually won. All that is past, glory be! For six years, we are informed, Mr. Sullivan has ridden triumphantly the aqua chariot, and now the whole world congratulates him upon winning his early sweetheart and becoming a staid and sober benedict. As a lecturer, telling the people how he outpointed Boston's poets and statesmen in the race for glory, long may the arms of John L. wave!

T. SAPP.